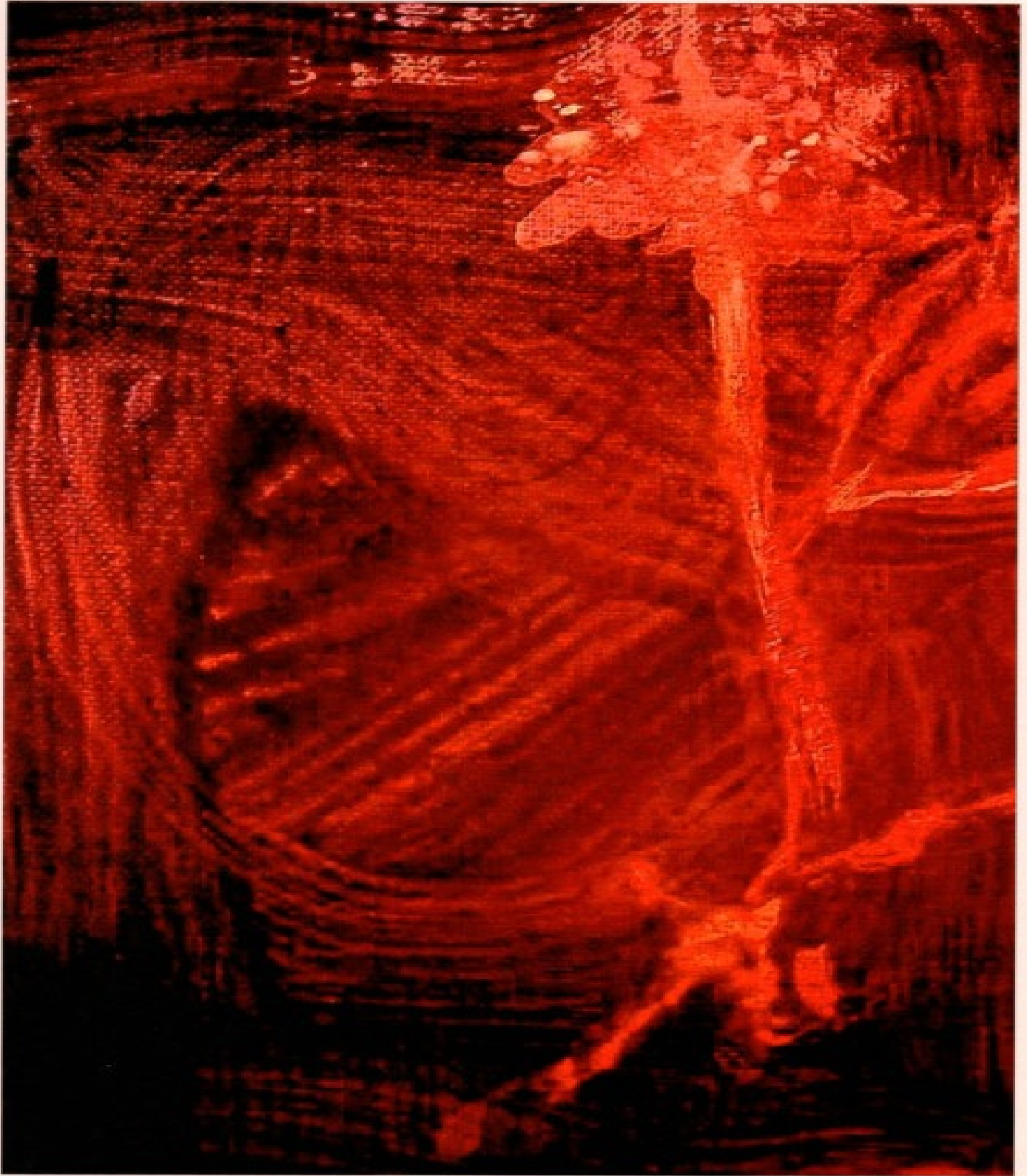


# 10 Love Poems



"Jar" - Triptych (Part 2 of 3) by Bethany Thompson ©2008

Jason Sturner

# **10 Love Poems**

by  
Jason Sturner

## **Smashwords Edition**

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***Note to reader:** Due to the nature of digital formatting, some of the following poems may have lost their original structure. If you would like to see the poems in their intended design, please visit my [website](#) for reading options or consider purchasing a hard copy of the book. Thank you.*

## Morning Rain

This morning there was much rain,  
forcing the birds into trees,  
the butterflies beneath leaves.

I stand at the open window,  
listening for the cool silence  
between raindrops.

I begin to wonder  
about time machines,  
about being fully absorbed into the future:

The full view of a sunset  
from our porch chairs,  
a cat resting at our feet.  
Faces aged, a hand  
holding a hand.

And the wind  
comes down from flowered hills,  
filling the home with fragrances.  
Everything is golden orange  
like a softly glowing jewel.

I blink and turn from the window.  
Another routine day begins.  
The echoes of my heartbeat  
will mingle with the rain.

## Holding Hands (a simple pleasure)

I sit at my desk this morning,  
turn my head from the computer  
and stare at my hands.

The aroma of hazelnut coffee  
swirls around me.

And I think—  
My god, these hands have *really* accomplished.  
They've done a million interesting and uninteresting things;  
they've been to so many places.

Suddenly, I'm walking along the lake,  
watching seagulls coast over the waves.  
And then, with the softest of touches,  
my hand is taken and I return to her.

The aroma of spring love  
swirls around us.

I look over into her beautiful, adoring eyes,  
and it occurs to me that simple pleasures  
are nothing short  
of miracles.

## [I Love You](#)

I see more than you know  
about all you are,  
and through my observations  
and from my analysis  
I've concluded that  
I love you.

Not a theory  
quite simply a fact—  
I love you,  
and that's that.

## About Love

We do not need thoroughfares  
when love seeks the heart

Such is the way of love—  
always destined, never sought

We do not need gold coins  
when love comes without cost

Such is the value of love—  
always priceless, never bought

We do not need a wise man  
when love speaks through art

Such is the beauty of love—  
always instilled, never taught

And we do not need a ruse  
when love surrenders to us all

Such is the enigma of love—  
always mysterious, never caught

## A Holiday for the Heart

There's a batch of romance  
now simmering in the heart—  
add red wine and it's very sweet,  
the degree of love determines its heat.

There's a pink perfume sunrise  
waiting patiently for its turn—  
its rays are bright, though bittersweet born,  
a thread for mending hearts torn.

There's a book of poetry  
blown open by the wind—

a million words the poets have said,  
always a favorite: Roses are red...

There's a day reserved for love  
bearing cards and cliché—  
the candied tradition our hearts  
know as Valentine's Day.

### Fresh Morning

Talk to me in the comfort of fresh morning  
when a bird's song I may enjoy  
as the cold of night surrenders to the warmth of dawn  
and there comes no sound from the telephone or door.

Hold me close as the sun plays with shadows  
when the curtains of our room blow wide  
as our hearts beat ever so quietly to the pulse of day  
and seagulls scavenge across the falling tide.

Know me when the day is newly born, my love  
when the spirit within this aging body is content  
as I steal gentle kisses from your soft lips  
and inhale the subtle fragrance of this moment.

### When I am Loved by You

A silky aura  
surrounds me  
when I...

Lavender dreams  
visit me sleeping  
when I...

Golden extravagance  
fills my every moment  
when I am loved by you.

My nerves  
come to ease

My tensions  
are of no attention

My heart beats  
with subtle integrity  
  
when I am loved by you.

### [Love and Words](#)

There awoke in me, on a night enlightened by  
magnificent starlight, fancies for poetic pursuit in  
the name of love. And of this, an autumn-haired,  
spring-eyed beauty of sweet unawareness.

I became a romantic, for all intents and purposes,  
and bowed as a knight to his maiden in waiting.  
I was taken. I was subdued and held prisoner—  
I was willing.

In her heart were the moist soils of Eden, full of music  
not heard since the day love was cast upon the world.  
I took her hand and splashed the grass with my melting,  
saw angels under the gospel of her voice.

I was no longer just a man, but a vessel for poetry.  
And I finally knew what it was to be alive:  
To inhale love, to exhale words, to truly breathe—  
like a sonnet venturing from the page.

### [These Things](#)

I have longed to be  
the quiet, fading light  
that helps you sleep;

and sunrise through the open door.

I've stayed awake for hours,  
wondering how I could channel  
the most beautiful things  
through your eyes,  
and into your heart.

I have wished to be  
the warm, child-long summer  
that stirs your playful curiosity;  
and dreams across the long winter.

For a time I doubted  
I could be any of these things,  
or the myriad others  
that fill my head each day.

But the stronger my life  
bonds with yours,  
the less I doubt my abilities,  
the more revealed is my part.

With love, all possibility follows;  
it follows me, it follows you.  
And all these things wished for  
are already true.

### [Could You Stay the Night, Forever?](#)

Wrapped in the fireplace  
of your arms. Warmed by  
the trust in your smile.  
The night and our love

Are acquainted. You cuddle close  
and feel my heart. I brush your  
hair away from your face.  
The window and the rain



Are old friends. Soft candle-  
light washes over our skin,  
soft music over our repose.  
The ambiance and timing

Couldn't be better. I look  
down at you, you're falling asleep.  
I kiss your forehead  
and whisper, *Sleep well.*

With eyes closed, you sigh  
and reply, *Then don't go.*

###

#### **About the author:**

Jason Sturner was born in Harvey, Illinois, and raised in the western suburbs of Chicago. He has published four books of poetry: *Kairos*, *10 Love Poems*, *Selected Poems 2004-2007*, and *Collected Poems*. In addition to poetry he writes flash fiction, short stories and nature essays. He resides in Geneva, Illinois, and works as a botanist at the Morton Arboretum in Lisle.

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